

# THE NEW SOUTH.



VOL. 2. NO. 13. WHOLE NO. 63.

PORT ROYAL, S. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## THE NEW SOUTH.

Published every *Saturday Morning* by  
**JOS. H. SEARS, Editor and Proprietor.**

PRICE: FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

Advertisements, fifty cents a line, each insertion.

Terms: invariably cash.

OFFICE: Phoenix Building, Union Square.

[From "Alice of Monmouth," by E. C. Stedman, to be published in a few days by Carleton, we extract the following spirited Cavalry Song.]

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,  
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;  
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;  
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball;  
Now, cling! clang! forward all,  
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome;  
Thro' level lightnings gallop nearer!  
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home,  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all!  
Heaven help those whose horses fall;  
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!  
They fall! they spread in broken surges,  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded home,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall;  
Cling! clang! backward all!  
Home, and good-night!

### A Night with the Ghost of Hilton Head.

The Universe is one great circle of ever-recurring events: periodicity marks all the great movement, and even is plainly visible in the most minute. The fashions of the world also return with some regularity, and society is governed by some unknown law around which it revolves,—different periods of time are marked by peculiar beliefs, and these periods return, as Time in its eternal march moves on. Ghosts are no novelty—they were once, real and genuine; the people firmly believed in their existence; this time has returned, we have reached that point in the circle of life—the ghost period.

In our cities they have been fashionable, and the *élite* of the avenues have nightly enjoyed the presence of a ghost; why should they not deign to visit this spot? why forget us in our lonely hours? They have not forgotten us, for a few nights since the sandy beach of Hilton Head was impressed by the elastic feet of such a sprite.

The afternoon had been pleasant, the sun in the blue vault of Heaven was partially obscured by fleeting clouds, yet his rays were full of the fire of this southern latitude, at the autumnal season: evening came on, and a peculiar sense of dampness, gave signs of an approaching storm. Sol had left his bright glory, in streaks of mellow light on the western sky, and nature lay calm, serene and peaceful, at this the hour of the dying day. The evening passed as usual, save in my ear the sound of some strange, magical music; it had the harmony of the *Æolian Harp*, wafted by a gentle breeze o'er the vast expanse of Ocean; it had a charm, and held entranced my senses, yet with all its sweetness and harmony, there was something of sadness and untold mystery in

the music. With my head inclined so as to catch, if possible, the very notes and song of the singer, I gazed out into the night, nothing was visible but the white-capped waves as they rolled on the shore; the music still entranced me, and while thus gazing into the unknown and dark,—suddenly the air began to grow damp and chill, the darkness increased, angry clouds gathered in the sky, and the ocean boiled with agitation, white foam dashed against white foam, and the troubled spirit was on the waters. Hours passed on, I still remained at my window,—the storm increasing in violence; ever and anon from out the darkness a sudden flash of electric light would illuminate the scene, and the roar of the thunder echoed through the darkness like the booming of cannon on the hotly contested field: thus hour after hour passed, and even amid this tempest and storm I could hear the soft and heavenly harmony of this mystic singer. Firmly resolving to discover if possible this strange and wonderful mystery, I seated myself in the window, watching and listening, thinking that perhaps aided by the light of some flash, the cause of this magic spell might be revealed. It was approaching "the midnight hour, when churchyards yawn, and hell itself breaths forth contagion to the world." I thought not of churchyards, although with sorrow be it said, that many a noble youth and patriot has found his grave, far away from the churchyard where his fathers sleep: the other place, breathing out contagion to the world, I banished from my mind, although living in the land of foul treason, and on soil desecrated by slavery and oppression.

While thus musing, having almost resolved to close the window and "lie down to pleasant dreams,"—a sharp, quick and clear sound startled me, it was only a nearer approach of the storm, which now had full sway o'er land and sea. I closed the window and lay down to sleep; alas! no angel of *Somnus* came with gentle hand to close my eyelids: I felt a something prompting me to again rush to the window;—it may seem strange to the reader, but in this world, with its subtle influences and mysterious laws, nothing should be startling; mankind must be schooled in the wonderful, and even expect daily some grand revelation open its mystery before them; many of the sublime and majestic movements in the universe are wrought by the almost infinitesimal influence of a universal power, eternal as the Divine, and as infinite. Again I stood at the window, fully determined to learn the cause of this peculiar influence on my spirit; I could not resist the spell that bound me to that spot, although I suffered from the storm beating on my brow, and at times almost blinding me by its fury: it was now twelve o'clock, midnight, and I must confess I felt a kind of quaking fear and tremor; each crash of thunder as it echoed from cloud to cloud made me start; one moment only I mused, had I better remain alone at this hour or summon my companions to the scene? perhaps they would laugh at my cowardice, or sneer at my folly: yet again, if there was a reality about this mystic singer, they would be witnesses, and could testify of what they had seen. I resolved to awaken them, and in a few moments they were present; all testified to the peculiar sounds which echoed through the chill air and storm. The fury of the tempest soon abated, and my comrades one by one left; one only remained, a stout, robust and muscular man—a man of firm will and strong nerves—he

resolved to investigate and solve the mystery. My friend R. was well adapted for this midnight scene, accustomed as he was to graveyards and the paraphernalia of the dead, (he was a doctor of medicine,) he seated himself by my side; the window still open: here we were in the silent midnight, the wind had died away, the rain-drops fell from the piazza, while the waves with easy and gentle motion washed the beach; it was an hour I long shall find recorded in the book of memory, dark and still all seemed in the midnight, while thus seated, both gazing oceanward, the sweet harmony began, and I observed a form of snowy whiteness in the distance, moving gracefully through the darkness; my friend the doctor, the same instant exclaimed, "do you see that?" "see what?" said I, endeavoring to evince no uneasiness at the sight of this figure clad in the habiliments of the grave or of the spirit world; in breathless silence we watched the sepulchral form; again the mysterious song filled the air, and by its magic power, we passed into that land of dreams, neither spoke, both while thus seated yielding to slumber.

Just as the morning streaked the east, my friend awoke, and with a sudden impulse seized my arm, arousing me from what appeared a stupid sleep. In a moment my friend, the doctor, began to describe the image which last impressed him, he spoke in flowery language, and with the peculiar nature of his warm and generous soul, he dwelt in extacy over the beauty of the spirit form; describing the loveliness of the mystic song, and rejoicing o'er the happy hour when the singer touched the hidden harp.

I listened with amazement at his story, and ere the sun had risen from his watery bed, we were both firm believers in that ghost, which the night before had charmed me with its music, and produced in the doctor such extacy, contemplating its beauty.

Reader, it is said that the same apparition presents itself at the midnight hour, during the tempest and the storm, when the waves roll and dash in all their fury.

—They have a poet in Bath, Mr. Demy Kelley, who, in a card in the Times,

"Tenders his sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen of Bath for their prompt and efficient efforts in expelling that hated monster of destruction, that fiery crest, open mouthed and gnashing toothed beast which burst through my unguarded windows on its errand of ruin, but who was driven back in a fair fight by our brave members of the Fire Department, and laid low, not in the dust, but in its own heated ruins."

—The Mayor of a town in France was astonished, a few Sundays since, at seeing a raw leg of mutton fall down from the sky! He called the municipal authorities together to consult about the matter. The explanation of this singular *meteor* is to be found in the fact that the mutton fell from M. Madar's great balloon, which was passing over at an immense height.

—This is the way in which a soldier who had been caught stealing clothing was drummed out of the Camp of the Invalid Corps at Augusta:

The men were paraded, and the culprit having had the sentence read to him, the buttons were cut from his coat, the visor from his cap, which was turned inside out, and a copy of the proceedings of the Court placarded on his back. He was then marched out of camp, a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets behind him, to the tune of "The Rogue's March."